ANNIVERSARIES UPON HIS PANARETE; CONTINVED:

With her CONTEMPLATIONS, penned in the languiſhing time of her Sickneſſe.

The ſecond Yeeres ANNIVERS.

Et novus iſte novo dolor æſtuat ortus ab anno.

LONDON,
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Anniverſaries upon his PANARETE, *continued.*

The ſecond Teeres ANNIVERS.

LAſt yeare I wrote of my deare PANARET,
To pay my deareſt Deare her dueſt debt;
But who is Hee knew her and knoweth not
How many things I in my *Threnes* forgot,
Which ſhould have been expreſt? but ſuch as wee
Who ſhare in griefes, fall ſhort in memorie.
This to ſupply with teare-diſtilling eye,
Still to one Taske I muſt my ſelfe apply;
For wee an *Anniverſall* meane to reare
In honour of her vertues ev'ry yeare:

Where though our Pencyle cannot well set forth
The riches of her goodnesse and true worth,
It shall appeare wee have desire to doe it,
By th'ceremonious zeale wee beare unto it.

—lachrymisq; revisimus umbras.

FIRST, in my weekely visit to her shrine,
I bathe those corps with teares which once were mine;
Once mine, now Earths: Nor doe I, trust me, stay
In any superstitious sort to pray
For her reposed Soule, which being at rest,
My Prayer would seeme superfluous at best:
Yea, I should injure her, whose boundlesse blisse
Is such, none can be happier then shee is.
Yet give me leave to eye her scatt'red dust,
Which in the resurrection of the just
Shal

Shall bee united to her better part,
And re-united never to depart
One from another, but muſt joyntly ſhare
In thoſe choiſe comforts which eternall are.
O Earth, Earth, Earth! O triple ſtyle of man!
Earth, for from Earth his firſt *beginning* came;
Earth by *affection* too, becauſe, heav'ns know,
What we ſhould *hate*, wee're moſt *affected* to;
Earth by his *diſſolution*, ſince hee muſt
Returne from whence he came, his mother duſt.
Deare Duſt! whoſe ſmalleſt atoms ſhall not be
Train'd through the Crevet of my memorie
Without religious reverence! I will give
Theſe pretious graines for *reliques* while I live

Anniverſaries upon his

To ſuch as honour her, whoſe vertuous fame
Before all Monuments, preſerves her name.
In my diurnall ſorrowes, I doe muſe
Diſcourſing, as I many times doe uſe,
Of this *unequall'd Subject*, thoſe that heare
My Scenes of griefe, ſhould not afford a teare
To ev'ry accent: ev'ry trifling toy
Sprung from the aſhes of conſumed *Troy*
Can force diſtreaming paſſion, though this woe,
This feined woe, were many yeares agoe:
Yet in that great deſtruction ſhew me one,
Whoſe loſſe might really exact our mone
By her exemplar vertues, as *this* did,
Or ever ſtrove to have her worth more hid.

Et lachrymaſſe juvat.—

Some

Some were held faire, but they were vicious;
Others deform'd, though they were vertuous:
Scarce one of that pure temper ſhould we finde,
Where beauty vy'de with graces of the minde:
But Mine was faire and good, chaſte, choice and free
In all, ſave what ſhe had ingag'd to mee;
A ſacred-ſecret gage, which I ſtill keepe.
In lieu of Her, who now is falne aſleepe.
A Modell of her feature yet I have, *et meminiſſe juvat.*
Which I will carry with me to my Grave;
And this in private am I wont to eye,
And view't from top to toe, then ſet it by,
Then take it up againe to feed my ſight,
Which cheeres, but cannot cloy mine appetite.

Sometimes opinion does delude conceite,
And makes me thinke Shee h'as dispenc'd with fate,
While sweet stolne blushes from her Cheekes appeares
Mixt with th' elixer of pure Amber teares,
Which with a carefull hand I wipe the while,
And she requites me with a winning smile.
But what are these, but fancies that are bred
From the distempers of a troubled head?
Heav'ns blesse me! now, how melancholly seeme
Those shady walkes, and that Olympick Greene
Where nimble youths their exercises did,
And yeerely for her sake solemnized?
With what enwreathings would my Love and I
T' encourage young endevours there stand by,

While with a modeſt ſmile Shee'd deigne to grace
The bleſt Spectators of that happy place?
Bleſt by her preſence! for I freely vow,
Nought but was gracefull what ſhee deign'd to doe.
Oft have I ſeene her from her Dayry come
Attended by her Maids, and haſting home
To entertaine ſome Gueſts of quality,
Shee would aſſume a State ſo modeſtly
Sance affectation, as ſhe ſtruck the eye
With admiration of the Stander by:
That Hee who ſaw her from the Dayry paſſe
Would ſcarce beleeve her for the ſame Shee was.
So well Shee could upon the ſelfe-ſame day
Both Civile Courtier and the Houſe-wife play.
But to ſurvey the paſſage of her life,
With Offices belonging to a wife,

Anniverſaries upon his

A modeſt Matron, and a Courtly Bride,
Diſpencer of a Family beſide,
Heare but a little what I ſhall relate;
And you may finde one fit to imitate
In th' poſture of all goodneſſe! which may give
Example unto others how to live.

Draw hither then, ye *Formaliſts* of th' age,
Who make your life a Progreſſe to a Stage,
Your Chambers Tyring-houſes, where to pray
Were ſuch a tedious taske, as you delay
To take acquaintance of it; or decline
Your thoughts from heav'n, becauſe you have no time
For ſuch reſerved vowes: no more you have,
Nor can you *dainty-Ducks* a moment ſave.

For

For all your pretious Morning-houres are given
For you to paint and decke you till eleven;
And then an houre or two muſt be the leaſt
To jeere your fooliſh Lover, or to feaſt,
Or court your amorous cringing Favorite
With a bare-bathed breaſt to feed delight,
And purchaſe more Spectators: —but time's loſt
Till a Play-bill be ſever'd from the Poſt
T' informe you what's to play; then comes your Coach,
Where numerous light-ones, like your ſelfe approach.
But where's Devotion all this while? aſleepe,
And for her ſelfe ſole-Centinall may keepe.
But now you'r ſeated, and the Muſick ſound
For th' Actors entry; pleaſures doe abound

In

In ev'ry Boxe; ſometimes your eye's on th' Stage,
Streight on a lighter Object, your looſe *Page*,
Or ſome phantaſtike *Gallant*, or your *Groome*,
But when this Embleme of your life is done,
This piece of witty art, what doe you then?
To your ſinne-ſhrouding Coaches ſtreight againe
You make repaire, where you relaters bee
Of what your Eare did heare, or Eye could ſee.
Then to a luſcious Supper, after this
To a reere banket, or to ſome quaint diſh
To move a ſenſuall ſlumber, and delight
But never ſate your boundleſſe appetite.
Thus you in painted joyes miſ-ſpend your dayes
More to your *Suiters* than your *Makers* praiſe.

But

But thinke not, *Faire Ones*, that I am too bitter,
For I doe hold no Recreation fitter
Than Morall Enterludes; but have a care
You doe not make them too familiar;
For that were to invert a Recreation,
And by day-practice make it a Vocation:
Though Some have writ that I doe hate a Scene,
Their judgements erre, nor know they what I meane;
I'm no *Stage-Stinger*, nor will ever be,
But doe preferre a pleasant Comedie
Before a Taverne, where so many sit
To drench downe care without a drop of wit.
But see th' effect of griefe! how glad would I
To any forc'd Digression rather fly

Than

Than to our teare-ſwolne Subject, where reliefe
Hath made it ſelfe a Stranger to our griefe?
But now I haſte to thee, my *Deareſt Deare*,
To ſhew what precious treaſures ſtored were
In thy religious boſome: nor ſhall love
Cauſe me ſpeake more than I can duely prove.

Education of her Children.

FIRST, for her nurſing care; Shee held no ſtate
Fitter for Mothers than to *educate*
Thoſe they brought forth, and make their life a line
To teach their children how to ſpend their time.
And this ſhee did; for ev'n her Nurſerie
Appear'd a private Schoole of induſtrie,
Where th'Elder taught and taskt the younger ſort,
As th' Mother taught the Elder; none fell ſhort
In

In their Endevours: but if ſo they did,
They were by Her ſo ſweetly chaſtized,
(And rare is ſuch diſcretion to be knowne)
Both *Love* and *awe* were foulded in her frowne.
Yea, ſuch a lovely reverence did attend her,
They'd rather be corrected than offend her.
But no delitious fare could ſhe endure
Her *Children* to be us'd to, but inure
Their youth to timely Moderation now
T' enable them when they ſhould riper grow.
For ſhe was wont to ſay, "When God ſhall call
"On us, Heav'n knows in whoſe hands they may fall:
"Let's then ſo breed them as may beſt become them,
"And to endure whats'ere may fall upon them.

With

With wholeſome temperate dyet ſhee'd ſupply
The luſcious fruits of Mothers vanity.
Obſerve this, Mothers, for 'tis unto you
I ſpeake, who ſo much delicacy ſhew
To your too tender off-ſpring, and like th' Ape,
Annoy them moſt of whom you moſt doe make.
Where be theſe native Arguments of love
Which you expreſſe? Or, wherein doe you prove
Your ſelves true Mothers? none can gather this
From pleaſing of your Younglings with a kiſſe,
Or indiſcreeteſt dandling on your knee,
Or cockring them with your indulgencie,
That you are naturall Mothers, unleſſe wee
By *naturall* meane *fooliſh*; ſo't may bee

You may be tender Ones, I'l not deny,
Who, when they put their finger in the eye
For such a forraine Fashion, or a Feather,
Rather than grieve them you'l deny them neither,
But cloath them in their folly: but are these
Expressions of Parentall Offices?
Oh no; while you are thus indulgent to them,
Through too much love you utterly undoe them.
For when they are attyred gorgeously,
Their formall habits crave more liberty;
Their eyes must have new Objects, which impart
Secrets of love unto a wanton heart.
Dinah must roame abroad, but ten to one
She looseth honour ere she visit home.

Prevent this, modeſt Matrons, let no ſtaine
Impeach their youth; veſſels, you know, retaine
A taſte of their firſt liquor; ſeaſon them
With that at firſt which may accompliſh them.
All this my *Deare One* did, and ſo muſt yee
That hope to live in your poſteritie.

Government of her Family.

NEXT, *Fame* reares to her *Name* a monument
For houſe-affaires and private *Government*,
While her well-guided *Family* might ſeeme
A Patterne unto others to demeane
Their actions by; ſince all deſires were bent
To cloſe in one harmonious conſent.
No ſpleenefull Waſpe might lodge within her roofe,
All diſcontented Spirits ſtood alooſe.

With willing care her pleasure all attend,
Fearing nought more than that they should offend.
For she with *mildnesse* did her *Servants* win, *Mildnesse to her Servants.*
Sweetning th' endevours they were busied in.
Yea, so much had her candid nature wonne,
The Ev'ning joy'd ith' Day-works they had done.
How far swerve ye from th' Patterne instanc'd here,
Who o're your Servants use to domineere,
As if they were your Slaves? which is no way
To make your people cheerefully obey.
This but begets *Eye-service* at the best,
And makes an *Holy-Day* when you'r at rest.
Others there be, who have occasion sought
To beate their Servants, though it were for nought,

Like *Vedio*, who for breaking of a glasse
Would drowne his Page: let such Examples passe
Unworthy your Observance: better farre,
And to discretion farre more regular,
To imitate *Architas*, who in's field
Finding his Servant loyt'ring, would not yeeld
Forthwith to Passion, but intreats him thus,
Which may be presidentall unto us:
"Sure I would beat thee, were I not in anger,
"But that secures thee for this time from danger.
But other vertues now I hasten to,
Which did my late endeared Spouse endow.

Love to her Neighbors.

NEXT, to the *Love* she to her *Neighbours* bare
Than which no Creature ever had more share;

Were they infirme, ſhe would not nicely ſtand,
But to their griefes apply her helping hand,
And dreſſe their wounds her ſelfe, for ſhe was rare
Both for her happy cure and holy care.
Herbals Shee'd read, but timorous to erre,
With men of choice Experience Shee'd conferre,
Which ſo enabled her, as ſhe was ſtill
By doing good, improving of her skill.
Not like blind Herbiſts, whereof there be ſtore,
Who have but one bare cure for every ſore:
Theſe, if they kill, they kill, and if they cure,
Th' effect is farre above their reaſon ſure.
Now, to the laſt not leaſt, for it is this
Which gives us ſpeedy Convoy unto bliſſe;

Hoſpitality to Strangers.

And that was, *Strangers Hoſpitality*:
Where her Proviſion ever would ſupply
Their neceſſary wants; nor all her time
(Wherein her thoughts did ever cloſe with mine)
Would ſhe avert her eare from any one
Who ſor relieſe did to her Portell come.
Her Cruſe was ever open to the poore,
Calling them Schollers of our Saviour:
If they were old, or feebly impotent,
An Almes with more bounty might be ſent.
No Stranger ere did to her gate repaire
Confin'd to anguiſh, or ſurpriz'd with care,
Shee would not comfort, and with dropping eye
Afford compaſſion to their miſerie.

None

None hungry but Shee'd feed; no thirſty wretch
But Shee'd refreſh; Nor naked but ſhee'd fetch
Garments to cover them. How farre be yee
From theſe expreſſive Acts of Charitie,
Who fed with Amber broaths, delitious fare,
Have of your ſtarved Siſters little care?
Their rags are your contempt; their ſhreekes & cryes
Are boulted from your Eares, fann'd from your eyes.
But how ſhould you take pitty of theſe Elves,
Who have no greater pitty on your ſelves?
How ſhould you couer them whom Colds moleſt,
Who will not cover your looſe-bared Breſt
In ſharpeſt ayres, but rather ſtarve your skin,
Than ſhroud th' occaſion of alluring ſin?

O doe not ſo; let gracious thoughts appeare
To mould you to that Patterne you have heere.

He cloſeth this ſecond Anniverſary, *as a votive Sacrifice to her memory.*

But I muſt leave; but never leave to love
My glorious Saint, which now is ſphear'd above;
Who, if ſhee daigne t' accept this Sacrifice
Dipt in a throbbing heart, and ſtreaming eyes,
I've got my Gole, and ſhee a treble reſt,
In Heav'n, in Earth, and in my naked breſt.

When Juſt ones die, then they to live begin,
"They live to *Sion*, when they die to *Sin*.

FINIS.

THE DISTINT TITLES OF THESE CONTEMPLATIONS.

1. *The Soules Sole-Love.*
2. *The Wounded Heart.*
3. *The New Dreſſe.*

WITH
LOVES LEGACIE,
OR,
PANARETES Bleſſing
to her Children.

Contemplations of PANARETE,

penned in the languiſhing time of her Sickneſſe.

The Soules Sole-Love.

CONTEMPLATION I.

THou haſt, my deare Soule, engaged thy faith: Thou haſt betaken thy ſelfe to thine heavenly Spouſe. A devided Heart cannot live; how ſhouldſt thou live without thy *Sole-love?* Adulterine Colours cannot hold; nor adulterate affections reteine their colour. *Iezabels* feature was more beholden to *Art* than *Nature*. Such is the complexion of that *love*, which makes *luſt* her *lure*: vaine is ſuch a tincture, that makes a ſerviſe deſire her applyer. Maiden honour conſiſts not in formality: There is ever ſome-

ſomething more reall in it. Flouriſhes are but painted bloſſomes: they may worke upon the outward *ſenſe*, they cannot captivate the *Reaſon*. The inward beauty is of more extent than any outward varniſh. Thou haſt reaſon, O my Soule, to preſerve that, which ſolely makes thee gracefull to thy Spouſe. Conceipt nothing ſeemely, but what may beſeeme him that made thee. Thou art not made for a ſlaviſh fancy; thou haſt one *ſole-love*, to cleave to another, were a frency. Affection is no *Tennis-Ball*, for ſtrucke into anothers hazard, it is loſt. One Sunne cannot ſhine in two ſpheares; nor one ſpheare conteine two Sunnes. The Sunne of Righteouſneſſe is the Spheare of my Soule: ſhe is a *Planet*, when ſhee ſhines elſewhere. Graces are divine beamelins, the *inward houſe* is darke without them: and theſe ſhine moſt, when leaſt interpoſed with any earthly clouds. What is it (O my Soule) to ſparkle like

like a *Glo-worme* by night, or like *rotten wood* to send forth a deceiving splendor? What is it, with a glosse of dissembled purity to take the eies or eares of erring judgements? Thou hast within thee to witnesse for thee, or condemne thee. Then, even then, my soule, when the great Booke shal be opened, the secret Cabbinet of thy retiredst thoughts unlocked, and no subterfuge for guilt admitted: thou shalt finde, that *good workes* must passe for *ill*, being not done *well*. The *intention* then must crowne the *action*. Almes with a trumpet, Fasting with a dejected countenance, Praying and Tithing with a *Pharisaicall* affiance, must have no acceptance. Bee thy discipline never so severe, if it be not sincere, it receives no reward. Honour must not be thine harbour, if devout intentions Crowne not thy labor. Reflect on thy sweet Spouse, and meditate of his Pilgrimage on earth. Hee offered his childhood to a

Cratch,

Cratch, his youth to Care, his Manhood to the Crosse. Hee entred the world naked, He lived in it despised, & went from it with sorrowes burdned. There was nothing so grievous which was not with patience suffred by him, to make thee gracious in His sight who sent him. Shall a little Cloud then change thy count'nance? Shall a minutes distaste amate thee, or make thee forgetfull of his sufferings, who subjected himselfe to death for thee? Who ever enjoyed a sweeter Spouse? Hee confirm'd his love with the losse of his life: and shall every small crosse in this life devide thee from his love? *Behold and see* (saith thy dis-passionate Spouse) *if there were ever Sorrow like to my Sorrow!* No, my *Sole-Love*, needs must thy Sorrow be great, when with the offering up of thine owne precious life, thou could'st hardly gaine any love. The *Rocks* were dissolved, the *Temple* divided, the *Graves* opened, the *Heavens* darkned,

darkned, all the *Elements* ſuffered, yet *Man*, for whom thou became *Man*, and dyed, became moſt hardned. Loſt wert thou, O my Soule, and eternally loſt; and to re-gaine thee, He loſt his owne life: Such were thoſe Adamantine tyes of his immutable love. Many ſheepe he had, and thoſe he left, to ſeek thee loſt: ſo plenteouſly did thoſe roſeat Torrents of his ſacred compaſſion flow, to waſh away thoſe crimſon-dyed ſinnes, which had left that dying tincture in thy wounded Soule. How often hath he ſought to *gather* thee, and thou wouldſt not? to *eſpouſe* thee to himſelfe, and thou aſſented not? to *bring* thee to his *Marriage-feaſt*, & thou attended not? Meane time, when thou ſaweſt a *Thiefe*, thou runne with him, and with the *Inordinate* devided thy portion; both which with the *cords of iniquity* drew thee headlong to perdition. Conceiveſt thou yet no compaſſion of thine unhappy condition? ſhall not

not one poore teare witneſſe thy con-
trition? Wilt thou become of thy
wounds ſo altogether unſenſible, as by
thy want of ſenſe to make them uncu-
rable? Runne to the *Rocke*, and quench
thy thirſt with thoſe *living ſtreames*
which flow from it. Apply thy *mouth*
to the *hole* of the *pipe*, that thou maiſt
be refreſhed. Begge of *Him* water, who
ſhed for thee water and bloud. Dry
eyes will not bring thee to heaven.
Sinne is of ſuch a deepe ſtaine, as true
penitentiall teares are of onely force
to take away that dye. Thou ſeeſt the
Turtle how ſhe mourneth for the loſſe
of her Mate. The deſert becomes her
Recluſe, conſort ſhe will not with any,
fearing to forget the occaſion of her
miſery. Brouze ſhe will not, nor reſt
nor rouſt on any greene Branch.
Grieves are her inſeparable Compa-
nions; other Conſorts ſhe admits not,
becauſe they ſuite not with her condi-
tion. Contemplate theſe, O my ſoule,

and

and reflect upon thy selfe. Let thine eies be estrang'd from sleepe. Let sighs and groanes be thy food. Water thy Couch with incessant rivers of teares. Great sinnes require great sighs; perillous soares precious salves. Consider poore Soule, where thou art placed; with what innumerable dangers incloſed; againe, how those which were given thee for defence, are most ready to betray thee to thine enemy. Againe, reflect upon the benignity of thy good God; who, if he had beene as ready to punish thee for thy sinne, as thou hast been to commit sinne, had long since drenched thee downe into that bottomlesse pit of eternall bitternesse. Death had beene thy due; and Hell thy Portion. And canst thou now look upon thy selfe without loathing; or consider thy wofull estate without trembling? Was ever any one more bound to his Maker; and lesse thankfull? More watered with the sweet in-

fluence of his grace; and leſſe fruitfull? In no place couldſt thou promiſe to thy ſelfe peace; within *feares*, without *fights*. Yet have the wings of the Almighty been ſo graciouſly ſpred over thee; as neither *feare* could oppreſſe thee at home, nor *fury* ſurprize thee abroad. And this was His worke, who hath ſo conſtantly lov'd thee, as Hee would never leave thee. For whenſoever thou wandred, he recalled thee: when ignorant, he taught thee: when thou ſinned, hee corrected thee: when ſad, hee comforted thee: when deſperate, he ſupported thee: when falne, he raiſed thee: when ſtanding, hee held thee: when walking, he guided thee: when returning, hee received thee: when ſleeping, hee kept thee: when crying, hee heard thee. What wilt thou render then, O my Soule, to *Him*, who hath done ſuch wonderfull things for thee? Wilt thou ſtay in the Market-place idling? Wilt thou addreſſe thy

thy ſelfe to no employment in thy calling? Is it enough for thee to reteine the ſtyle of a Chriſtian, & preſuming upon that ſtyle, to corrupt the ſtate of a Chriſtian? Wilt thou make thy whole life an Holy-day; and by thy prophane converſation cloze it up with a fearefull day? Wilt thou not yet after ſo many ſweet invitations, to allure thee? So many ſharpe comminations, to deterre thee? Such gentle touches on thy right hand and on thy left, breake theſe *bonds* of thy *Tranſgreſſions*, and returne to that overflowing fountaine of divine compaſſions? It is fearefull, thou knowſt, to fall into the hands of the Lord. For who is hee in all the world, ſo juſt, that hee may with confidence preſume to be ſaved, if Gods mercy (the ſole Salve of humane miſery) be from him removed? Yea, know, O my Soule, that thy *juſtice* conſiſts in Gods *indulgence*, who hath an *Eare* open for thee, if thou cry unto

him; an *arme* to embrace thee, if thou fly unto him; an *heart* to receive thee, if thou returne unto him; an *hand* to succour thee, if thou come to him; a *wing* to cover thee, if thou cleave to him. And wilt thou ſtill feed on the husks of vanity, and deſpiſe thoſe delicious cates of eternity? Shall one poore moment of vading pleaſure deprive thee of thoſe joyes which laſt for ever? By enjoying thy *Spouſe*, thou enjoyeſt all things: his preſence will be *meat* to thee *hungring*; *drinke* to thee *thirſting*; *health* to thee *languiſhing*; *way* to thee *wandring*; *light* to thee *erring*; *life* to thee *dying*. Bee hee then to thee all things, ſeeing without him all things are nothing. All things are vanity, ſave onely to pleaſe God and ſerve him: And ſuch a ſervice is a Chriſtian Solace; without which, as all things are vanity, ſo man of all others, the lighteſt vanity: How canſt thou then bee at peace without him, ſince hee onely in the

the *bond of peace* unites all that are eſpous'd unto him? If man love man with ſuch affection, as the one ſcarce ſuffers the other to bee abſent: if a Spouſe to her Spouſe be joyned with ſuch ardour of minde, as through the exceſſe of her love ſhe can take no reſt, brooking the abſence of her beloved not without great ſorrow: then with what affection, with what deſire, with what fervorous devotion ought'ſt thou, O my Soule, whom thy beſt Spouſe hath eſpouſed to himſelfe in faith and mercy, to love *Him* thy true God, and moſt beautifull Spouſe, who hath ſo loved and ſaved thee; who hath done ſo many, ſo great & exceeding things for thee? Why ſtayeſt thou (O my Soule?) findeſt thou ought here worthy of thy Love? Wilt thou ever to thy baine, bee nibbling at the baite of vanity? Haſt thou not found much bitterneſſe in theſe deceiving ſhaddowes of humane happineſſe? Have

not thy delights beene most crossed, wherin they lookt to be most cheered? Yea, when thou enjoyed thy delights to the full, had they not ever bitternesse in their farewell. Take a short Survey of the daies of thy vanity, and see what day in all thy Pilgrimage hath beene so propitious, as it was not encounter'd with some discontents! Hath not a merry Evening made an heavy Morning? Nor a glad going out, a sad returning? Didst heare no report of a private foe; nor no death of a constant friend? Were thy affaires so well carried, as nothing miscarried? And admit all this; how long did this Calme continue? Had this forward Spring no nip? If not, then so much more unhappy, in being ever so seeming happy. The Saints and Servants of God doe in this world more feare prosperity than adversity: for that, the height of prosperity is in danger more to presse them, than the weight of adversity to depresse

depresse them. These through many tribulations passed; and passing profited; and profiting prevailed; and prevailing were victoriously crowned. If the Divell be dead, then are persecutions dead: but so long as our Adversary lives, canst thou thinke that he will not suggest to thee tentations? The enemy ceaseth not, dyeth not, but in the Resurrection of the dead. Short is the *fight*, but great is the *victory*. Learne then from that *vessell* of *Election*, to *rejoyce in hope of the glory of God. And not* Rom. 5. *onely so, but to glory in tribulations also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience: and Patience experience: and experience hope: and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts, by the holy Ghost, which is given unto us.* O divine gradation! O gracious consolation! If thine heart then be right, O my Soule, whatsoever shall befall thee, thou wilt rejoyce in it for his sake who sent it thee; and conclude with that

Job 1. Patterne of Patience: *The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed bee the Name of the Lord.* Pitch upon this resolve, O my Soule, and thy *sweet Sponse*
Cant. 2. will *stay thee with flagons, comfort thee with apples.* Nothing shall *separate thee from the love of Christ.* Neither *tribulation, nor distresse, nor persecution, nor famine, nor nakednesse, nor perill, nor sword.*
Rom. 8.
1 Pet. 3. For, *who is he that will harme thee, if thou be follower of that which is good?* Betake thy selfe then to thy *Beloved Spouse*, and he will give thee thine hearts desire. None can take thee forth of his hand, nor devide thee from his heart. The delights and riches of an heaven-ravish'd Spirit, are divine Songs, where teares are not without joy, nor sighs without comfort. Now, my good Iesu, if it be so sweet to *weepe* for thee, how sweet will it bee to *rejoyce* with thee? Whatsoever then I shall feele, by the presence & assistance of thy grace, I will not faile to give thee thankes in my

my ſuffering, equally as in my rejoycing: *For I reckon that the ſufferings of this preſent time, are not worthy to be compared with the glory which ſhall be revealed in us.* Rom. 8. To confirme this reſolve, and inflame thy deſires, reteine the memory of his preſence ever with thee, who gave himſelfe for thee. Let thy *Converſation* bee in *heaven*, during this thy Pilgrim-reſide on *Earth*. So delight thee in him, as no delight may take thee from him. Then maiſt thou freely ſay, *My beloved is mine, and I am his:* Cant. 2. *He feedeth among the Lillies:* among the *Lillies* of Chaſtity, borders of Sanctity: Follow thy *Love* with chaſte thoughts, and thou ſhalt *live* with him in glory.

CONTEMPLATION II.

SHall the *Hart* long after the *water brookes*, when hee is with thirſt annoyed? or fly to the *Herbe* to cure him, when hee is wounded? And ſhall my thirſty *Heart* (the princely ſeat of my minde) never fly to thoſe living ſtreames of ever-flowing waters? Sick ſhee is, and heart-ſicke, and will ſhee never repaire to her beſt Phyſician: in whoſe *heart* is a fatherly care, and in whoſe *hand* a ſpeedy cure? Will ſhee never taſte of that *Herbe of grace*, to eaſe her griefes, cure her wounds, and reſtore her decayed Spirits? Whence is it, O my benummed *heart*, that thou art become ſo inſenſible of thine owne miſery, as thus to make thy *wounds* incurable

curable through thy ſecurity? Why doeſt thou not cry out in the bitterneſſe of thy Soule, with that afflicted Patient, and memorable Mirror of patience: *Wherefore is light given to him that is in miſery, and life to the bitter in Soule?* Job 3. For thus by meditating of thy griefes, thou wouldſt ſooner labour for reliefe, and ſeaſonably partake of comfort after thy long affliction: For who can ſearch into the Source of thy Sorrowes, or know the depth of thy griefes or joyes, unleſſe thy ſelfe diſcover them? *The Heart knoweth his owne bitterneſſe: and a Stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy.* Prov. 14. The way to cure thy *wounds*, is to open them; The way to eaſe thy *Heart*, is to diſcover the ſorrowes of it. Shouldſt thou with that Sacred and Elect veſſell, be *preſſed* (and happy thou if ſo afflicted) *out of meaſure, above ſtrength*, inſomuch as thou ſhouldſt *deſpaire of life*, call but upon the Lord, and hee will deliver thee. 2 Cor. 1.

For

For hee, and onely hee, can heale the *broken ſpirit*; comfort the contrite Soule, and make the *bones* which hee hath *broken* to *rejoyce*. For hee it is, who is the *hope* of the *deſperate*, the *comfort* of the *deſolate*. Weepe he cannot, who is ſo ſolaced; faile hee ſhall not, who is ſo ſuccoured. Apply thy ſelfe then to him (O my *wounded heart*) and repoſe thee in his *wounds*, for they are full of compaſſion; rely on his *promiſes*, for they ſound nothing but conſolation. Shouldſt thou (ô my languiſhing *heart*) be driven to that extremity, as thou couldſt finde no comfort within thee; no hope of reliefe without thee; nothing but clouds of heavineſſe to encompaſſe thee; none but *Iobs* Meſſengers to encounter thee: ſhouldſt thou rore forth in the bitterneſſe of thy ſoule: *How long wilt thou not depart from me?* (how long wilt thou thus afflict me? *nor let me alone till I ſwallow downe my ſpittle?* Yea, ſhould thy *belly tremble:* thy

Iob 7.

thy *lips quiver at* his *voice:* ſhould *rottenneſſe enter into* thy *bones*, and thy ſtrength faile: yet would the hand of the Almighty, by diſclaiming thine owne power, and flying to his mercy, ſo ſupport thee as thou ſhouldſt not fall. But thou art *wounded*, ô mine *heart*, and ô I wiſh that thou wert ſenſibly *wounded!* Meane time, let the *deſires* of thy *roring intrals* beate at the *gate* of his Compaſſions. Let the cryes of the teares of thine eyes, poured forth with fervour of affection, pierce the clouds, and ſeale to thy numerous ſinnes a gracious remiſſion. O that thou wert ſo pure, that thy deare and loving Spouſe would ſay unto thee: *Thou haſt raviſhed my heart, my Sister, my Spouſe: Thou haſt raviſhed my heart, with one of thine eyes, with one chaine of thy necke.* O fly unto him, and thou ſhalt finde this Love in him! Let the world have no part nor portion in thee. Hee is jealous of thy love; thou muſt love him onely, if thou love

Habac. 3.

Cant. 4.

love him truly. A devided Love, because distracted in her Object, cannot live. Fixt must thy resolves bee, and those for eternity, if thou meane ever to raigne with him in glory. Shee deserves not a loving Spouse, that is not faithfull in her love to her Spouse. To keepe thy Nuptiall bed undefiled, is an honour; to violate that Faith thou hast plighted, were piacular. Two hearts cannot rest in one breast, but two Soules may repose in one heart. Thou hast often vowed to keepe thy selfe to one, and He thine only one: and how soone were those sweet vowes made bitter, when thine eyes, taken with outward Objects, begunne to wander? Tell me (my *wounded heart*) who was ever sicke, and knew himselfe so, and desir'd not health? who ever wounded, and sought not for a cure? Now, if outward discontents occasion such Care, what should our inward griefes doe, which minister hourely occasions of greater

feare?

feare? Thou haſt long ſuffered, and deſir'd to be ſolaced; but thou ſought not where Comfort was to be found: and therefore thou found not that which thou ſought. The place or repoſe of an humane or naturall *heart* conſiſts in the delight of this preſent life. But no ſooner is thy *heart* touched with divine aſpiration, than the ſeat of our *heart* becomes the love of eternity, and receipt of heavenly conſolation. That *heart* is truly ſtyled the *friend* of *truth*, which is a *lover* and approver of every *right action*; and makes Heaven the ſole object of her contemplation. The trueſt *proofe* of *love* is the *fruit* of a *good life*. Divine love conſiſts not in *voyce* and *ayre*. Should thy voyce ſound like a Trumpet, and thy life ſilent: all this airy Muſicke would give but a dead accent. Thy tongue praiſeth for an houre, let thy life praiſe for ever. For as Divine praiſe in the mouth of a prophane ſinner, can ſend forth no

ſweet

ſweet-ſmelling ſavour: and Prayer, the onely pretious pearle of a pure ſoule, returnes without fruit, when hypocriſie ſeazeth on the heart: and all humane wiſedome becomes folly, being not directed to Gods Glory: ſo unleſſe thou (O my *Wounded Heart*) only love God for himſelfe, thy mixt and devided love can returne no comfort nor profit to thy ſelfe. It is this divine and purely-refined love which onely maketh a *rich* and *wiſe* Soule. *For*, without this, *what hath the wiſe more than the*

Eccleſ. 6. *foole? what hath the poore, that knoweth to walke before the living?* Whatſoever is by thee (O my languiſhing *heart*) above all others affected, is by thee adored. Preferre nothing, in the true value of love, before Him that made thee; leſt thou make an *Idoll* of the *Creature*, and ſo diſhonour Him, who made all inferiour things to ſerve thee. Doe thou his will by ſerving Him, and all his Creatures will ſerve thee accordingly.

to his will. Yea, even Hee, who hath *commanded the Morning: and cauſed the day-ſpring to know his place*; ſhall ſhew the *light* of his *Countenance* upon thee: and thy longing Eares ſhall heare that voyce of comfort uttered by thine heavenly Spouſe, the fountaine of all comfort: *Thou art all faire, my Love, there is no ſpot in thee.* And in the affiance of his love to whom thou art eſpouſed, ſhall thy *wounded Heart*, then cured, returne this anſwer to thy Beloved: *My beloved is mine, and I am his. His left hand ſhall be under my head, and his right hand ſhall embrace me.*

Job 38

Cant. 4.

Cant. 2.

Cant. 8.

The New Dreſſe:

OR,

Motives to a New life.

CONTEMPLATION. III.

O My Soule, how long wilt thou attire thy ſelfe in theſe *ragges* of *Sinne*? how long in theſe *rotten* of *Shame*? when thine heavenly Bridegroome comes, He will not endure to looke on thee; hee can by no meanes like thee, nor love thee, nor eſpouſe himſelfe unto thee, ſo long as theſe ſullied garments of ſinne cover thee. To a *cleane Lord* muſt bee a *cleane habitation*. A pure Heart muſt bee his Manſion; purged by Faith, adorned with good workes, inflamed with heavenly thoughts. No *Edging* of vanity, no *purle* of vaine-glory, no *tinſell*-luſtre

of

of hypocrisy must set forth thy *Nuptiall garment*; for these would detract from thy Virgin-beauty. Those *Egyptian* laces and *Babylonian* borders might attract a wandring eye: but purely fixt be the eyes of thy Spouse. Whatsoever is without thee cannot take him: it is thine inward beauty that doth delight him. Let thy affections then bee renewed, thy Virgin-beauty restored, thy decaies repaired. Come not in his sight, till thou hast put off those *ragges of sinne*, and having put them off, say with the Spouse in the Canticles: *I have put off my coate, how shall I put it on?* Cant. 5. 3. Let thy *New Dresse* be a *New heart*: so shall thy Spouse take delight in thee, with his sweete armes embrace thee, and bee enamour'd of thee, when hee lookes on thee; and in the knowledge of thy beauty say thus unto thee: *Thou art all faire, my love, there is no spot in thee.* Cant. 4. 7. Cast thine eye all about thee, O my Soule, but let it not wander, least thou

looſe thine honour. Take a full view of the *renuall* of all Creatures; and reflect upon thy ſelfe, who, though Soveraigneſſe over all, becomes leaſt *renued* of all. Thou ſeeſt the *Heart*, the *Eagle*, the *Swallow*, how they are *renued*; nay, even the *Snake*, how by caſting his *Slough*, hee is *renued*. Againe, thou obſerveſt, how *yeeres*, *dayes*, *houres* and *minutes* are *renued*; how the *Earth* it ſelfe is *renued*: Shee is with freſh flowers adorned, with a native tapiſtry embrodered, with a new beauty refreſhed. Meane time, how art thou *renued*? Where be thoſe freſh fragrant flowers of divine graces and permanent beauties, wherwith thou ſhouldſt be adorned? Muſt all things change for better, and thou become ever worſe in the ſight of thy Maker? None more inconſtant than thou in humouring the faſhions of our time; none more conſtant than thou in reteining the faſhion of ſinne. What canſt thou ſee in thee, that may pleaſe thee,

thee, or appeare pleasing to Him that made thee? Sinne is a Soile, which blemisheth the beauty of thy Soule. In this then to glory, were the highest pitch of infelicity. Thou art onely to approve that with a discreet Choice, which may make thee most amiable in the sight of thy Spouse. When thou eyest the vanity of Earth, fix the eie of thine Heart on the eternity of heaven. Mixe not thy delights in such Objects, where surfet or excesse begets a loathing; but in those lasting pleasures, where fruition begets in thee an affectionate longing. Fashion not thy selfe after this world; where there is nothing that *tempts* but *taints*. Desire rather to be numerous in *houres* than *yeeres*: so dispose of thy time, that time may bring thee to eternity. Ever consider (O my Soule) how thou art heere in a *Wilderneſſe*, and farre removed from the *Canaan* of true happinesse. A Captives proper Melody is *Lachrymæ*: he cannot Luk. 21.

raise his voice to any other Note, unlesse hee maddehimselfe in his misery, and forget his owne State. Vye then in *sighes* with *sinnes*. Take compassion of thy woefull condition: Bee not commanded by thine Handmaid. Restraine her, lest shee grow imperious; shew thy selfe a Mistresse, that shee may become more obsequious. Shee is worthy to obey, that knowes not how to command. Doe not loose thy Prerogative; Preserve thy *Style*, reteine thy *State*, and make Her know how dangerous it is to incurre thine hate. The more thou bringest her to contempt, the more shalt thou partake of content: Shouldst thou delicately feed her, or in her desires supply her, or loose thy reines and give liberty unto her, shee would not sticke to deprive thee of thine honour, and by thy unworthy subjection become an usurping Commander. To free thee from this danger, let Devotion bee thy Succour, so shall the Shadow of the Almighty bee thy

thy Shelter. Though the *Servant earnestly desire the Shadow, and the hireling looke for the reward of his worke,* or rather *the end of the day,* to conclude his work: tarry thou the Lords leasure; with patience endure the heat of the day, the weight of thy labour. Though a Pilgrim be wearied, he must not faile nor faint, till his journey be ended: Wherin, Hee accomptes himselfe so much the happier; as hee is to his owne native Countrey neerer. If thou fit and furnish thy selfe in all points for this journey, thou shalt be joyfully received in thine arrivall to thy Countrey. Runne then to the *Goale*, which is set up for thee; Strive to come to the *marke*, which is before thee. Let no impediments foreslow thee; no delights on Earth divert thee. Seale up thine eye, if it wander; but open it, if it promise to fixe on thy Saviour. Hourely thy dissolution is expected; the Marriage-feast prepared, & thou invited; Let thy garment be holinesse, so shall thine end bee happinesse. Job 7. 2.

LOVES LEGACIE, OR, PANARETES Blessing *to her Children.*

DRaw neare mee, and heare those last words which I must ever on Earth speake to you. Sure I am, that the dying words of a tender Mother, cannot but fasten deeper, and reteine a memory longer; than the Speech of the movingst Oratour.

Feare God above all things; it is the *beginning of wisedome:* and will enrich you above your Portion. You are now in your Childehood, let that season you: so shall *His* blessing, who hath blessed mee, crowne you.

Bee honest in your wayes; spare in your words; plenteous in good works.

Proportions God hath given you; Portions by Gods providence, I have left you; enrich these with the best por-

portion, the ornament of vertue.

Specious Features are not to be valued to the precious embelliſhment of vertue.

Bee what you ſeeme to bee; & ſeeme what you ought to bee: I never lov'd that Countenance, which could promiſe much, and performe nothing.

Ever reflect on Him that made you: and make devotion, your conſtant Diarie to conduct you.

Bee tender of thoſe you ranke with; either to better them, or bee better'd by them.

Bee humble to all; Humility is the way to Glory: This it is will make you amiable to the Creature; glorious in the ſight of your Creator.

Learne how to obey, that you may know better how to command.

In the conſideration of humane infelicity, there is nothing becomes more incurable, than what is habituate: when Cuſtome of ſinne takes away all ſenſe of ſinne.

In

In *holy Places* is the Devill ever buſieſt.

No diſeaſe more dangerous than the Lethargy of Sinne. This Sleepe brings ever an heavy awake: for though like a tender Nurſe, She ſing a ſweet Lullabee to her deluded Childe, it is ever in worſer caſe the more it ſleepes; for it dyes in ſinnes-ſlumber, and periſheth untimely by the inchantment of her Mother.

Conſider this, my deareſt ones, *Reſiſt the Devill, and hee will fly from you*: Suffer not the firſt motions of ſinne to ſeaze on you. *Pray continually*, becauſe you have an Enemy aſſayling you inceſſantly. The Combat is ſhort, your Crowne eternall.

In the heat of the day, thinke of the Evening: The *earneſt-penny* will recompence your paines: Continue to the end, and your reward ſhall be endleſſe.

Bee not too curious in inquiring what you are to receive after this life; but ſo labour, that you may receive your reward of glory after this life. Many by too curious an itching after what they were to receive, have deceived themſelves, by loving

loving their reward more than God.

Let nothing on Earth take your hearts; Let the divine Love only poſſeſſe them, ſo ſhall you finde quietneſſe in them.

That heart cannot want, that poſſeſſeth God. Hee will be a *Light* to direct it, that it ſtray not: A *Comfort* to refreſh it, that it faile not. For all earthly helpes, they muſt either leave us, or wee them. Wherein it falleth oft-times forth, that wee are moſt afflicted even in thoſe, wherein wee expected moſt comfort.

It is one thing to live on Earth, another thing to love Earth. To bee in the world, and of the world, are different conditions. *Tabernacles* are not to be accompted *Habitations*. While wee are ſojourning, wee muſt bee journeying towards *Canaan*: Nor may wee reſt, till wee get home.

O my tender Ones (for never were Children more deare to a Mother) make every day of your life a promiſing paſſage to your native Countrey.

As every day brings you nearer to your

your grave; may every day increaſe in you the riches of his grace.

Let the joyes of heaven and torments of hell be familiar with you; by meditating of the felicity of the one, and infelicity of the other: theſe to deterre, thoſe to allure.

Bee not too much taken with Faſhion; it is the diſeaſe of this age: Comelineſſe is the moſt taking Dreſſe to a diſcreet eye; whatſoever is elſe, *borders* on ſinne, and becomes reputations ſtaine.

I am not now very old, when I leave you, yet did never that ſpreading vanity of the Time much ſurprize me.

For my part, I did ever rather affect not to be knowne at all, than to bee knowne for ſingular. It is a poore accompliſhment that takes her eſſence from what we weare. The rinde makes not the Tree precious, but the fruit.

My deſire is, that you would bee circumſpect in your diſcourſe. Though no *Society* can ſubſiſt without *Speech*, yet were it very neceſſary to bee cautious of

of the Society to whom wee dire& our Speech. Few or none have ever beene hurt by Silence; but many, too many, by too prodigall Speech, have engag'd their freedome to the power of their foes.

Let your whole *life* be a *Line* of direction to your ſelves; and of inſtruction to others.

Bee more ready to *heare* than to *teach:* and above all things, let your Fame be a living Doctrine to your Family.

Bee diligent in the *Vocation* you are call'd unto: And bee ever doing ſome good worke: that the Devill may never find you unemployed: For our *Security* is his *Opportunity*; to prevent then his Sleights, give no way to Sloth.

When you come into any *Holy place*, call Him to minde, to whom it is dedicated. Hold your ſelves then, as retyred from the world: and lift up your hearts to Him, who is your Hope and Helpe, both heere and in a better world.

Eſteeme of all men well; and of your ſelves the worſt.

Suffer

Suffer with others, when you ſhall heare them defam'd: and preſerve their report as well as you may. For it is not ſufficient to bee tender of our owne, and impeach others: but to tender others as our owne.

Stand alwayes in an humble and religious feare.

Bee not aſhamed to confeſſe, what you were not aſhamed to commit.

If at any time, through frailty, you faile; with teares of unfeigned Contrition redeeme your fall.

Walke with an undefiled Conſcience, knowing that you are in his preſence, whoſe eyes are ſo pure, as they cannot abide iniquity; and whoſe judgement ſo cleare, as it will ſearch out hypocriſy.

Keepe your Bodies undefiled; Temples ſhould bee pure and unpolluted.

If your deſire be to honour your Maker; you muſt make your heart his harbour.

Every Countrey hath one chiefe City, and that ſituate in the Heart of the Land:

Land; and becomes the Kings Seat. Your Heart ſhall bee the City of the King of kings, ſo you guard the Gates of your *Litle City*, that no ſinfull Intruder enter nor ſurprize them; no corrupt affection winne in upon them.

Now the better to ſecure your State; let your Eyes, your City-Centinals, be ſo directed, that they become not diſtracted: by wandring abroad, they beget diſorder at home.

All neighbourly Offices I commend unto you; they gaine love, which is the oile of our life. But too much familiarity I doe not admit; *Charity* is expedient to all, *Familiarity* to few.

Let not the Sunne ſhine upon you, before you have commended your ſelves to that *Sunne of Righteouſneſſe*, to direct you in all your wayes, and enrich you with all good workes.

To conclude, (for I feele my failing Faculties drawing neere their concluſion) Let your youth bee ſo ſeaſoned with all goodneſſe, that in your riper age, you may

reteine

reteine an habite of that which your youth practiſed.

Well-ſpent Minutes are precious treaſures; whoſe reviving memory will refreſh your fainting Soules in their ſharpeſt guſts of miſery.

To ſpeake of *Marriage* to you, I will not; for your Childhood cannot yet conceive it: May your Choice be with diſcretion, and without Change: ſo ſhall ſucceeding comfort ſecond your Choice.

Preferre your *Fame* before all *Fortunes*: it is that ſweet odour which will perfume you living, and embalme you dying.

☞ I finde my ſelfe now breathing homeward: the eye of my body is fixt on you; the eye of my Soule on heaven: Think on me as your naturall Mother; and of earth as your common Mother. Thither am I going, where you muſt follow. Value Earth as it is; that when you ſhall paſſe from Earth, you may enjoy what Earth cannot afford you; to which happineſſe your *dying Mother* commends you.

FINIS.